



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

THROUGH

TURKESTAN

AND THE

CAUCASUS

AS. H 694 t

HARVARD UNIVERSITY



LIBRARY

OF THE

PEABODY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN
ARCHAEOLOGY AND ETHNOLOGY

GIFT OF

Robert H. Dyson, Jr.

Received December 14, 1950



MOSCOW

THROUGH TURKESTAN AND THE CAUCASUS

A LETTER FROM
FREDERICK HOLBROOK
TO
HIS WIFE

No. 114.

Wm. A. L. Patten

Privately Printed.

BRATTLEBORO, VT.

PRESS OF E. L. HILDRETH & CO.

MDCCCXVI

AS. H. 694 t

Gift of Robert H. Dyson, Jr.

December 14, 1950

TASHKENT, TURKESTAN,
APRIL 28, 1916.

We have had the most delightful journey I ever had in a train in all my life. To begin with, it is spring, and you know spring brings flowers even in a desert, and of course there is little dust. Then the weather is perfect—bright, sunny days without a cloud in the sky, no wind, and, while it was cool in Moscow, it gradually got warmer, till here it is like late June; and to arrive at the Garden of Eden in June! It is almost too much for my New England imagination, and altogether too much for any such cold-blooded description as I can ever give. However, I've seen it, and no one can ever take that away, and I wish you were here to see it too.

At the risk of being tedious perhaps it would be better to start back to the time we were left at the Moscow-Kazan station by the Pattens on the afternoon of Easter Sunday, (April 23) after an automobile drive in the suburbs of Moscow, including a trip to Sparrow Hills, where I had been before. These hills are the

ones from which Napoleon first saw Moscow, and afford a fine view of the whole town and valley with its winding river; and, perhaps the most noticeable thing, the gleaming domes and minarets of the hundreds of cathedrals. These domes and minarets are gilded with the deepest, reddest yellow gold imaginable—our poor State House dome looks like a rush candle as contrasted with the sun by comparison. The Easter bells were still ringing when we regretfully said good-bye to the Pattens at the station. They were to remain a few days longer before returning to Petrograd, and I am sure the trip and the change will do Mrs. Patten much good. Winter in Petrograd is tedious at the best, and Mrs. Patten has not had a specially easy time, nor much variety since late last fall, I imagine.

We boarded the train about five o'clock. There was the usual hustle and bustle at the station, as there always is here, only it was accentuated by the fact now, of course, that not too many passenger trains are run, and all space is taken in the cars on outgoing trains to such an extent that it is difficult to get accommodation unless spoken for some days in advance. It seemed to me that all the nations on earth were represented on the platform—many of them



TASHKENT



SELLERS OF TARTS—TASHKENT



SAMARKAND—A NATIVE TEA HOUSE



SAMARKAND—DERVISHES IN THE MARKET PLACE

were, including the tribes of Israel. There were Russians, Mongols, Tartars, Kirghiez, Sarts, English and Americans, and some others which I could not make out. We travelled first-class, but both Meydell and I were in one compartment, as now two people must occupy each compartment. However, it was quite large, with an upper and lower berth and a lavatory, and most comfortable. The first thing that happened was that Meydell was asked by two Russian ladies if we would exchange compartments so they could ride frontward instead of backward. Of course we did this, and I was much surprised to be thanked very much in most excellent English by them. But more of our charming Russian ladies later.

The car was one of the International Wagons-Lits—half first-class and half second, lighted by electricity part of the time, and the rest of the time by candles, well heated, and with a fairly efficient attendant. Our next-door neighbours in the second-class were two Tartars, but they were all right. Then there were eight or ten other cars, including a fair dining-car and first-class and second-class cars, and third-class also, which latter must have contained the same set of passengers that accompanied Kim when he

went on his railway journey. Ours was the only Wagon-Lits car, but I doubt it was better than the first-class Russian cars, which are very good indeed.

If you can get a Russian Baedeker, you can learn more about our trip so far as the route goes than I can tell you. The 1914 edition on page 367, route C, gives the way we went from Moscow via Ryazan, Samara on the Volga, Orenburg on the Ural River—the boundary between Europe and Asia, and literally the boundary between all things I had ever seen before and the *most* interesting things I have ever seen. From Moscow to the Volga there were broad, rich plains of black earth, where the tremendous expanses were just showing green as the grain was sprouting. Then the rather barren stretches in the Volga Valley at the place we crossed on a mile-long bridge, very high above the water. “Little Mother Volga” they term the river, and it is really “Little Mother” to Central Russia. It carries all the traffic on barges, big and little, and steamers of all kinds carry passengers and freight. We saw some small barges pulled by men, who walked along pulling a rope, like canal-boat mules at home.

Leaving Orenburg we came to a rich grazing



IN SAMARKAND



MOSQUE OF TILLI-RORI THE GOLDEN MOSQUE
SAMARKAND



GENERAL VIEW OF ABOVE FROM THE MARKET PLACE

country (this is Asia), where the Kirghiez Steppes stretch for miles, and where the nomadic Kirghiez pasture large herds of horses, sheep, cattle and many camels. We began to see caravans of the latter coming and going from the railroad in all directions. We also saw camels working in the fields, plowing and cultivating, but there were not many fields. These people live in large, circular tents (covered with skins over a wood frame) and hung with rugs inside, and rugs on the floors. As we went further—this was Wednesday—the country became more barren, the water alkaline in taste and salty, so that our tea tasted salty, and late that day we crossed a divide, which separates the Caspian Sea waters from those of the Aral Sea. In the evening we passed through sand-hill deserts called the “Big and Little Badgers,” where the shifting sands make life a burden for the maintenance of the railway, as blowing sand is as bad as drifting snow. Later the same evening we passed “Aral Sea Station,” where we saw the sea and the lights on the vessels, and got a supply of fresh fish for our dining-car.

The story of our trip will not be complete unless you know more about our Russian lady friends, whom I mentioned as being on the train.

By this time we were the only passengers in our first-class half of the Wagon-Lits, and on account of our common trials and vicissitudes we had become quite well acquainted. We had nearly lost our baggage (both of our parties) at a station where they transferred it, and we were both buying provisions—fish, chickens, etc.—for the dining-car, which had attempted to do without ice. The ladies had made the trip a year ago to Turkestan, where they were the guests of the Governor's family at Samarkand, and were returning for the fine weather of the spring to get into a hot country for the health of one of them, who had rheumatism on account of a broken leg.

One of them was Madame Olga Yourieff and the other Miss Nathalie Lubowidsky, well-educated and cultivated women, who were girlhood friends in Moscow. Madame Yourieff's father was in command as general of the fortress below Petrograd for many years, and then governor of a province on the Pacific in Siberia, and her friend was the daughter of a general in the army.

At the time of the Japanese War both volunteered as nurses in the Navy, and went on a hospital ship with the fleet that sailed from the



SHAKH-ZINDA — SAMARKAND



FRIDAY'S PRAYER



THE BAZAAR—SAMARKAND

Baltic to Japan, with which Madame Yourieff's husband went as an officer. Both women were present at the naval battle with the Japanese, where Yourieff was killed, and they were captured and sent to Nagasaki, returning after the war to Russia via San Francisco and New York, where they took ship for home. Then they tired of everything social, apparently, and, taking advantage of their acquaintance with the head of a Russian monastery in Northern Russia near the Arctic Ocean in Lapland, they went north "till they could go no further," 100 kilometres beyond the monastery, and the monks built them a house to which they moved their furniture from Petrograd, and where they have spent most of their winters the past eight years—doing their own work, except for a Laplander who cuts their wood. They are three kilometres from their nearest neighbour. Summers they travel to all parts of the earth apparently—Madagascar was the destination of one of their trips. Then they volunteered as nurses in this war, and Madame Yourieff got a broken leg at the front, from which she is still lame and which brings them here. I imagine Miss Lubowidsky is the companion of her friend, but both are very charming women, and simple in their tastes. So much for

our delightful travelling companions. Then take a train going at freight-train slowness (not speed), eighteen to twenty miles an hour in Asia, where there is nothing but time and no one cares whether the train is an hour or a day late. The train rolls lazily along—the time is spring—we stop maybe an hour at principal stations, maybe two hours. We own the cook in the dining-car, having paid three roubles for him (90 cents). We buy our own fresh fish and whatever else we have that is fit to eat. Our meals are specially cooked. The landscape is constantly changing, the nomadic people and their customs are most interesting. Allee brings back a passenger from the third-class, who plays an accordion very well,—Caucasian airs for the most part. Then we have tea from our basket in the afternoon, and later—what do you think?—Miss Lubowidsky reads a chapter or two from “Alice in Wonderland” or “Through the Looking Glass” or something of the sort. Both the ladies know their Kipling well, and have read as much in English as most American women, perhaps more than many. Kipling has been translated into Russian, and they tell us is very popular here.

To return again to the drier details of our trip.



SHAKH-ZINDA



MOSQUE OF HODJI-ACHRAR, SAMARKAND



THE MAIN STREET IN SAMARKAND

After leaving the Sea of Aral we entered the broad plains which make the valley of the river Suir-Darya. Where irrigated, the valley is very beautiful. The country reminds one much of the sage brush plains of Idaho, which are so productive under water, and are practically alkaline deserts without it. A day and a night of this and we arrived at Tashkent at 6 a.m. The station is large and painted white, as becomes a building in the hot country. In a large, cool dining-room we had tea and a roll, and bade good-bye to our ladies, who go on twelve hours further to Samarkand; but not before a Russian gendarme has spotted me for a foreigner, and asks if I have permission to visit Turkestan. This has been telegraphed ahead from the Foreign Office in Petrograd to the Governor at Tashkent, having been asked for a week before we left, through our Embassy.

We drove to our hotel—the “Hotel Nationale”—where we were shown to our two large, high-ceiled rooms—a bath in a real bath-tub, and I asked Allee to get a barber. He appeared with a young woman, who carried barbers’ tools, and I must say did very well, and trimmed my hair and beard in quite a presentable fashion, and I’m now in favour of woman’s rights as far

as that profession goes. Then the hotel people sent a samovar to our rooms, and we—supplying our own tea and sugar, as is the custom—had more tea, and rolls which the hotel furnished. We went for a walk through this “Garden of Eden,” as it might rightly be called, through streets on either side of which run irrigating ditches, bordered with rows of silver poplars, whose tall trunks glistened in the sun, locusts in blossom; and the Karagash trees whose foliage entitles them to be called umbrella trees, as they shed rain on account of the thickness of their leaves. Afterwards we went to lunch at a very good restaurant; there is none connected with the hotel; and then we sat in the Park for half an hour, watching the people. It is Friday—the Mohammedan Sunday—and the sight is kaleidoscopic. The world upside down describes it best. Joseph’s coat of many colours? They have invented new colours since his day, many and more wonderful, besides retaining all he had. I don’t know which looked and stared the most, we or the natives. Not many foreigners come here. It is difficult to get permission, except for Austrians, of whom there are many, and who are the only people I have seen at work (and they not hard) since we left Europe. You know the

three days preceding and the three following Easter are holidays, and here comes another on Friday.

I think I shall hold this letter till I get back to Petrograd, as it might have difficulty passing two censors, and it is too long to copy so as to send another later as we do with all business letters.

We expect to see our Russian ladies again in Samarkand next week, and, as they will there introduce us to the General, who was an old friend of Miss Lubowidsky's father, it will be worth while. They have promised to take us to the bazaars to purchase things, which will save us much being cheated, I think, although Meydell has lived in Persia, and knows Oriental ways. I shall cable you this afternoon, so you will know where I am, and I shall send you post-cards almost every day.

Tonight we shall have been gone just a week from Petrograd. So much has happened, and it has been so interesting that the time seems to have simply flown. You don't care much for railroad travel, I know, but this trip is so restful I know you would enjoy it. It's in no way like our speed-mania travelling at home. You scarcely know you are in a train. It is not noisy,

and one can talk as well as in a room. In fact, I think it must be like a sanatorium. I hope you will some day take it with me, after the war. It is somewhat out of the way, but much better than the beaten paths taken by all tourists. It's not far to China or India from here and what a trip that would be!

This afternoon we have just returned from a drive through the native part of the city. Allee got us permission to enter a Mohammedan mosque. We went up the tower to the roof, where we had a good view of the place. It is a large city of some 300,000 inhabitants and I don't know how many Austrians they have sent here, but there are many. In the native town we saw an interesting old water-mill grinding flour. It was most primitive, and I think the flour was primitive enough too—even to suit Dr. Dennett. The native town is of course only a collection of mud walls and rabbit warrens so far as one can see from the street, but within are many fine houses, they say,—at any rate, luxurious from their point of view. We afterwards had tea in the City Park, which was gay with all manner of brightly dressed people, both old and young. My name in Russian is “Tordpyk,” which being spelled out is Golbrook. There is no “H” in



MOSQUE SCHAH ZINDA (LIVING KING) BUILT A. D. 1434



**INTERIOR OF MOSQUE SCHAH-ZINDA
SAMARKAND**



TOMB OF THE PROPHET DANIEL
THE REMAINS WERE TRANSPORTED TO SAMARKAND BY TIMUR



ARCH OF TIMUR ON THE RIVER SARAVSCHAN

Russian, so they always substitute a "G". There are several "H" sounds, but they are in compound letters like ch, sh, sch and the like.

Sunday, 30th April. Saturday morning we went to the bank to get some money. We had an early lunch, and, taking a troika, drove thirty-two miles to a Russian village up towards the snow-covered mountains, which are over 10,000 feet high and always snow-capped. The reason for our trip was that I wanted to see a typical Russian village, and I was amply repaid for the visit. Our carriage was after the Caucasian style, a basket-work sort of barouche with a pair of horses trotting, and a third horse galloping alongside. The horses were tough little ponies, and made the thirty-two miles up hill in four and one-half hours. Allee followed in another rig with our baggage. Part way we had a military road, which was very good, but finally we had bad enough ones. The whole valley was very rich, being irrigated land, cotton and alfalfa the principal crops. The latter is cut five times a season here. We finally arrived at our village—a place of sixty families—and found a house which would take us in: an adobe clay house, very primitive, but it looked clean, and was owned by a man and his wife who were

typical peasants. They have one son who is a prisoner in Germany. They have heard from him, but worry about him a good deal. We took along mostly our own provisions, but the ever present samovar and eggs we got from them. We walked all about the village and were well received. The people seemed to think it a great honour that we had come to visit them and were not too proud to stay with them. We spent the night there, the room being clean but very primitive, as the people are quite poor. We got up early Sunday morning, and, after an hour's walk about the irrigated fields, had breakfast, and took riding-ponies to go on to a Sart village up in the foothills some eight miles away. The ponies were small but tough, and carried us all right. The saddles were fierce—everyone here puts a pillow on top of the saddle, and puts another surcingle about the whole outfit. Then they use very short stirrups like a jockey.

We arrived at the Sart village finally in about an hour and a half, and it was most interesting. The Sarts, as well as the Kirghiez, are Mohammedans and very strict ones too. This village had about 2,500 inhabitants—all cultivators of the soil in the valley, which by this time was very



SHAKH-ZINDA—SAMARKAND



ORNAMENTAL DETAILS
MOSQUE OF SCHALZINDA



THE MOSQUE OF SHIR-DOR XVII CENT.
SAMARAKAND

narrow, and on the steep foothills. We had risen from Tashkent about 3,500 feet in elevation by this time. We called on the Chief of the village, and were very hospitably received by him. He is also the head of fourteen other villages, and is elected every four years. He looked like an Arab, but was not. I guess I was the first foreigner who ever called on him, and he laid himself out apparently to be nice to us. We had tea with unleavened bread, baked about as thick as our hoecakes, and about twice as large in diameter—made of unbolted wheat flour, ground each day, as wanted, by the women in a water-mill. I thought of Dr. Dennett. The wheat here is not fertilized! The bread was not specially attractive, but I ate it for the good of my teeth! Then we had sweets—candies of remarkable kinds. I tied my silk handkerchief about the waist of one of the Chief's nine children, as all men wear such things as belts. The Chief had a blue one, bright blue. This apparently pleased the Chief, and he sent for his "falconer," who came with a hawk perched on one hand. The Chief then showed us about falconing, and had the hawk catch a wild sort of quail out in the fields for us. It was interesting. His house was comfortable, but the others were

all "adobe"—mud, you would call them. His house was, too, for that matter, but it was finished in wood and plaster inside, and had rugs. He gave us fresh horses, and we went on three miles more to a government forestry planting, high up on the mountain-side, and on both sides of the valley, which had become now almost nothing more than a ravine. There are 800 acres of planting, which was begun sixteen years ago to prevent the yearly loss of life in the valley below caused by severe floods when the snow melted too fast. The side hills are steeper than Skyrocket, and they have terraced them roughly with ditches in which the trees are planted. There are white and black walnut, almond and many other kinds of deciduous trees. The planting extends from about 3,800 to 5,000 feet in elevation, and has been successful in stopping the floods, principally because the ditches catch the water, which soaks into the ground, and the trees hold the ditches on account of their roots. The Russian forester gave us some real Kuymis made from mare's milk fermented, and it was very good. A Sart man near by keeps fifteen "milch mares" for the purpose of making Kuymis which he sells for about two and one-half cents a quart! I am going to give the for-



MOSQUE IN SAMARKAND



ENTRANCE TO MOSQUE OF SHAH-ZINDA



PASSAGE BETWEEN TOMBS OF THE MOSQUE OF SHAH-ZINDA

estry department a swivel plow so they can plow their ditches on the mountain-side, and am ordering Mr. Fuller to send it to Turkestan! I forgot to say that the Chief also sent his falconer along with a hawk to show us further what real hunting was!

We finally returned to our Russian village, arriving about 3 p.m., where we found our lunch set out on a table in the orchard among the blossoms. Afterwards we boarded our troikas, and after a rather busy but instructive day, returned to Tashkent, making the thirty-two miles in three and one-half hours with our Turkestan ponies, who made nothing of it, never stopping their trot up and down hill except once for water, and never having to be urged once. They look like scarecrows, but they can cover distance in a wonderful manner.

This letter will be a formidable affair before it is done, I fear. However, it will cover a full month's trip, and perhaps you can read it in instalments, so it will not be quite so tedious.

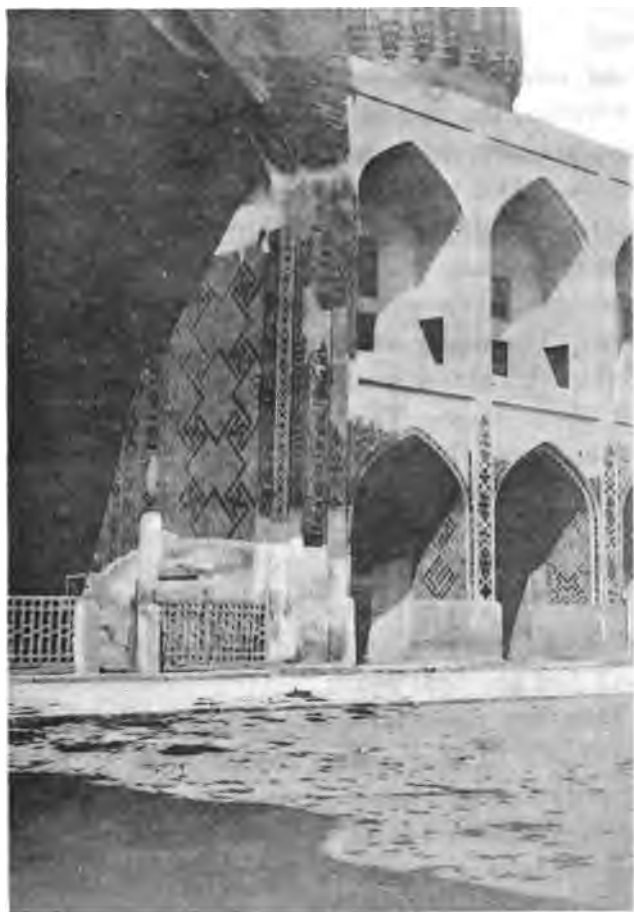
Tuesday, 2d May. Yesterday in Tashkent we did not do much of moment, only driving about the town, going to the bank for money so as to be prepared to buy carpets—rugs rather—

in Bokhara, and do some shopping in Samarkand.

At nine o'clock we took the night train for Andishan, the end of the Central Asiatic Railway, and arrived here this afternoon about two o'clock. We took a carriage to the "Glory of Russia" lodgings, where we have two fine, clean-looking rooms, had a good lunch, and drove about the place and to the old Sart or native town. The really old town was destroyed by an earthquake a few years ago, and 5,000 natives lost their lives. This is a very rich country, cotton being the principal crop, and they raise much of it where they can irrigate. There are great piles of it at every station awaiting shipment.

It is very hot here; today it was 90 degrees in the shade, but it is such a dry country that you don't feel the heat much.

They are very particular here about foreigners, in all of Turkestan, and I have to go to the police or gendarme upon entering and leaving every place I stop, besides giving my passport to be registered at the prefecture of the town. They don't much care for foreigners, and I am here simply as a great favour. I am treated with the greatest courtesy, however, as the For-



"MEDRESE" A SCHOOL IN SAMARKAND



**MOSQUE OF BIBI-KHANUM
SAMARKAND**



**MARBLE PULPIT FOR THE KORAN
MOSQUE OF BIBI-KHANUM**

eign Office telegraphed ahead to the Governor I was to be allowed to go about. Otherwise I could not be here at all. The fleas are pretty bad, and I am a fair mark for them. I don't dare count the bites;—forty-four on one leg below the knee is enough to show what fun they are having with me. They always are bad, anyway, in hot, dry countries. If things go tomorrow as we have arranged, I can tell you something about Solomon and Job when I write further.

Wednesday, May 3. We arose at 4.30 this morning, had tea and eggs, and took the only motor car in town for a thirty-two-mile trip up towards the mountains to Osh—a small town about 4,000 feet in elevation, where many Russians live, especially in summer, as it is very healthy and a beautiful place. The road leads up the valley, which at Andishan is quite wide and gradually narrows till it is lost in the foothills at Osh. The whole valley is irrigated and most fertile. The road is the old caravan road to the Pamirs on the Indian frontier and also to Kashgar in Chinese Turkestan, and we passed hundreds of single-horse carts with their huge wheels six or seven feet in diameter—great lumbering things with wooden axles—the driver

riding the little pony, we would call him, but really a tough little beast. The load balances the cart so there is no weight on the horse's back except the man, and he is not very big either. They don't pull much load, but they go along pretty well. Perhaps they take 800 pounds on the cart at the most. Then there were many caravans of camels and asses, and an endless stream of people in their gaily coloured costumes (the women all veiled). The road is bordered most of the way by irrigating ditches and rows of trees, mostly willow, with huge trunks up to about ten or twelve feet and then a multitude of branches cropping out, which are cut every few years for firewood. Then the branches grow again and are again cut. Back of the tree rows the green fields stretch away to the foothills, and back of them some miles are the high ranges of mountains on either side of the valley, always snow-covered, with their jagged peaks rising 13,000 feet—as high as Mont Blanc—and to the south behind these the Pamirs rising to 23,000 feet. (These snow-capped mountains—the Altai Range—have been with us for over a hundred miles.) Such a sight as it was early in the morning with the rising sun tipping the peaks, and seen through the vistas of the green



IN PRAYER AT SAMARKAND



**"HURLMEER" TOMB OF THE CONQUEROR
TIMUR (TAMERLAN) DIED 1404**



SAMARKAND — ENTRANCE TO THE TOMBS OF TIMUR'S FAMILY

trees and across the stretches of cotton fields! And to think of the civilizations that have gone over this same road: fire-worshippers, Persians, Grecians, Parthians, Arabs, Mongols, Sarts and last the Russians. Alexander the Great came over this highway, which was centuries old then. They say Solomon held court at Osh when he came to worship on an elevated plateau, from which rise four huge peaks of rock something like a thousand feet high. They are on the outskirts of the city and are a grand sight. He might have chosen a worse place. They also point out to one the grave of Job at Osh on this plateau. Certain it is, that it figures largely in ancient times as at least a probable place for almost anything to happen. Perhaps the one thing that seemed the most remarkable to me was a most commonplace one—the wooden plow, made of one straight and one crooked stick, the only thing that all the different civilizations which have come and gone have left absolutely unchanged, and it will be surprising if it does not outlast the present civilization, too, so tenacious are these Eastern people of custom. Religions may come and go, and races be merged one with another or wiped off the face of the earth, but two sticks still make a plow!

The road was alive with traffic before we started, and such a sight as the motor made of it! The car makes the run every day, but the horses and camels and people seemed to have seen it for the first time! Horses bolted, and cattle scattered, as did the people. No one has any rights when a motor comes.

After reaching Osh, we heard of a water-power project about ten versts further on, so we found the man who owned it, and, taking him along, we went to see it. It was the first time a motor had ever been over this road, and it created a sensation.

At two o'clock in the afternoon we were back at Ashikand, and on the train for Samarkand—a twenty hours' journey. We are now on the back track for Petrograd, though over another route than the one we came—more interesting, I am told, but I can't believe it! I only hope it will prove half as interesting. It is 82 degrees Fahrenheit in the car as I write, but perfectly comfortable. You can blow the dust off your hands and they are clean. We had strawberries for lunch at Ashikand, and new lamb, so you can see we don't suffer for food. We are travelling second-class—there is no first-class on this train—but it is better than first, as we have a



SHAKH-ZINDA INTERIOR



HODJI AND HIS NATIVE MOSQUES

compartment for four and only Meydell and myself in it, as we have bribed the conductor to leave it to us alone. Meydell is a most attractive personality, and one of the most likable men I ever met. He wears perfectly.

Thursday, May 4. We have just had our breakfast—tea and bread—and shall be in Samarkand about eleven o'clock, having had an easy trip. Just now we are passing through a very narrow defile where there are three tablets on the high cliff, or rather two inscriptions and one tablet. The former are in Arabic and were cut in the rock when two armies passed through this so-called "Tamerlane's Gateway"—one in the fifteenth and one in the sixteenth century. The tablet was put there a few years ago to mark the building of the railway by the Russians. I'm learning a few words of Russian by this time, but it is very hard for me, not having learned other languages when young. It helps much to learn new ones, if necessary. When I return to Petrograd I mean to take up the study of Russian with a teacher in a serious way, as it will be very necessary for me later.

Sunday, 7th May. We have had such a busy time since we arrived in Samarkand that I have not had a moment to write a word except in my

diary, which is not nearly as full an account of our trip as I am writing you in this letter.

To begin where I left off before:

Our Russian lady friends, Madame Yourieff and Miss Lubowidsky, had arranged for our rooms at the National Hotel—about the only possible place in Samarkand as a hotel. They met us at the station, and we drove about three miles to the hotel, where they had arranged lunch for us. It is the same kind of place as the “Glory of Russia”; they have rooms and a kitchen and everything like a hotel except a dining-room, so we had our meals in their drawing-room while we were in Samarkand. You must do your own catering, but the cook, who comes from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., will cook for you during those hours, and the rest of the time you have your samovar, and can get eggs cooked in the kitchen, but nothing else.

Directly after dinner or lunch we drove to the Bazaar, which is in a large square principally, surrounded on three sides by great mosques built in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. They are in the best style of Moham-medan architecture. Two of them are in good preservation, and are very beautiful. The decorations in tiles of wonderful blues, green and



ORIENTAL LEISURE



MOSQUE OF TILLI-KORI FROM THE MARKET PLACE
LARGEST MOSQUE IN SAMARKAND



MOSQUE OF BIBI-KHANUM BUILT 1399
(IN THE TIME OF TIMUR)

white and some yellow are well preserved, the colours being perfect even now. Two tall, leaning minarets (built so on purpose) flank one of the mosques and are also beautifully decorated in mosaics and frescos, by Russian, Indian and Chinese artists of the fourteenth century mostly. Hogi, the official guide, whom the Governor turned over to the ladies, was our guide. He is Mohammedan, of course—turban and all. The ladies know the place well, having been here last year, so we were taken to the interesting places. These three mosques are also schools for preparing the mullahs, and each has a cell to live in. There were several hundred of them—all occupied. We went in to several and were hospitably received by the inmates; the cells were quite comfortable, with rugs and hangings on the walls. Then we went to the bazaars outside the enclosure—miles of native streets in the native town. It is thoroughly Asiatic in every respect. The mullahs speak Persian—the French language of the East, and Meydell gained much favour by talking with them. The Governor had told the ladies an American was coming, as he had advices to that effect. He was much surprised to find they already knew us, and Mrs. Governor was somewhat shocked, so they

said. They had arranged to have us call at five o'clock, so our official visit was also a social one. We all had tea and spent a delightful hour or two there. The house is a large, low, rambling structure of one story, *very* large, painted white, and in the centre of a great walled garden or park. The park is forty years old only, but the weather in summer is warm and the ground irrigated, so the trees are very large, and it looks like a park of sixty years in America. The paths are fine and well kept—there are small lakes and running water, and seats in secluded spots, so that the whole effect is excellent. The house inside is good. The drawing-room must be seventy-five feet by thirty, and from it windows and doors lead to a large verandah, where they dine in summer, apparently. The family is large; there are three married daughters and grandchildren, and the table looked as big as Naulahka's in summer. The sons-in-law are in the war, one a prisoner in Germany, one at the front and one at home. The General himself is a cultivated man. He has written much on various subjects and translated Persian—literary works which he has published. They received us cordially, and, while they do not speak English, still, through Madame Yourieff and Meydell we



SAMARKAND—A LEANING TOWER



A SAMARKAND FRUIT MERCHANT



AT SAMARKAND

talked considerably. They took us through the grounds and then we looked at the General's photographs. His thirty years' life in Turkestan has given him a broad acquaintance with the country and its native people, with whom he is very popular, and whose language he speaks. His wife is very pleasant. Altogether I should say they are a very happy, domestic family. They treat Madame Yourieff and Miss Lubowidsky as their own daughters. These ladies are taking a native house with a garden, which the Governor got for them, and they are going to do their own work, and lead the life of the East for some months. It seems that Miss Lubowidsky's father was the hero of the Turkish War of 1877. Madame Yourieff lost a brother also in the naval battle which they were in in the Japanese War. He was badly wounded, and, though an officer on the Admiral's staff, he was not saved when the ship was sunk, although some were. He refused to go, and told them to save people who would live.

After tea at the Governor's we drove till about eight o'clock, to various places of interest. In the old Mohammedan cemetery, where thousands are buried under mounds of earth four feet or more high, and which is centuries old, we

stopped a while and listened to the sounds from the old native city. The barking of dogs occasionally broke the low hum of the city life. The droning of a mullah singing in a low voice came to us from a near-by mosque, and then from a minaret of a distant mosque came the call to evening prayer. The mullah calls in a low tone, gradually rising in cadence and volume till the full call can be heard for a great distance. It is very strange.

We returned to supper about nine o'clock, and then to bed at eleven, after a fairly busy day, to say the least.

On Friday we had breakfast at seven, and were out for a drive by eight. First we went to an observatory, which has recently been excavated, and which was built in the early part of the fifteenth century by a ruler called the Prince of Astronomers, who succeeded in perfectly establishing the meridian. The work is scientifically accurate, and worth seeing. Then we went to another and newer part of the Moham-medan cemetery, which we had to cross on our way to another mosque. There were groups of native women sitting around many graves—all wailing and howling and beating their breasts, then prostrating themselves upon the ground



IN BUKHARA



BAZAAR IN BOKHARA



BOKHARA

and the mourners of graves. Each group was bewailing the loss of a family husband and reciting his virtues. The worst of the Mohammedan religion, apparently, is the position of women under it, and I think they made all the row that was becoming of them. They veiled themselves immediately on seeing us, but continued their wailing. The mosque we went to was that of Sheikh-Zadeh, where two sisters of the famous Tamerlane and many of his family are buried. The mosque is a large, rambling one, composed of some twenty attached buildings, and is very beautiful. Not being so high as some other large mosques, it has suffered less from earthquakes, and is better preserved. The interior is finely decorated in different and varying patterns, to which the Arabic writing in relief combined with frescos and mosaics in blues, greens and whites, lends itself in a remarkable manner. A mullah was leading some women in prayer in one of the chapels, but they were not at all disturbed by our presence. Afterwards we drove to the Bazaar and then to dinner at our hotel. Hogi came after dinner with wares from the Bazaar, some of which I bought. We went to the Governor's again to tea, and the



BAZAAR IN BOKHARA



BOKHARA

and the mounds of graves. Each group was bewailing the loss of a family husband and reciting his virtues. The worst of the Moham-medan religion, apparently, is the position of women under it, and I think they made all the row that was becoming of them. They veiled themselves immediately on seeing us, but continued their wailing. The mosque we went to was that of Shakh-Zindh, where two sisters of the famous Tamerlane and many of his family are buried. The mosque is a large, rambling one, composed of some twenty attached build-ings, and is very beautiful. Not being so high as some other large mosques, it has suffered less from earthquakes, and is better preserved. The interior is finely decorated in different and vary-ing patterns, to which the Arabic writing in relief combined with frescos and mosaics in blues, greens and whites, lends itself in a remark-able manner. A mullah was leading some women in prayer in one of the chapels, but they were not at all disturbed by our presence. After-wards we drove to the Bazaar and then to dinner at our hotel. Hogi came after dinner with wares from the Bazaar, some of which I bought. We went to the Governor's again to tea, and the

family were most cordial. Then a long drive to another mosque, supper at nine, and to bed.

On Saturday we were again out at eight, and drove directly to the tomb of Daniel, three miles out. It is on a bluff overlooking a stream, and has recently been restored. The original stone of his tomb is covered with Arabic inscriptions, and people come as pilgrims from afar to worship at his shrine, which is considered most holy. There were some of these pilgrims there at the time we were, some praying and some taking tea at a little shelter on the bank of the stream. They leave objects of various sorts at the shrine and these are supposed to bring the person leaving them good fortune. From here to the Bazaar where more trading was done in the truly Oriental style of bargaining, the ladies and Meydell being experts. After lunch more purchases of goods from the Bazaar, and after supper a long drive to the mosque of Shakh-Zindh, a beautiful drive in the streets and roads lined with trees through which the moonlight streamed in places. We walked around the mosque, which was fine in the light, and sat for some time listening to the prayers from within. Once in a while we heard a jackal, which was rather gruesome, but it was all of interest, and



SAMARKAND — THE GREAT MOSQUES



**THE REGISTAN — BIG MARKET PLACE OF SAMARKAND
WITH THREE MOSQUES ROUND IT**



SAMARKAND AT PRAYER



SAMARKAND—MOSQUE OF BIBI-KHANUM

I almost believe the spell of Asia might catch me if I remained too long here.

I forgot to mention that we went to the noon-day prayer on Friday—the Mohammedan Sunday—in the court of the mosque Tilai Kari, the largest of the Samarkand mosques, just off the Registan or Bazaar. There were about 1,000 there from the market-place—all men of course. Madame Yourieff made several photographs, which I trust will turn out well. Mullahs high up on the roofs of the mosque surrounding the court on four sides intoned the prayer, and the people responded by kneeling, prostrating themselves and rising at appropriate times. Everyone had a prayer rug, and removed his shoes of course. I think the prayer, interspersed with times of silence, took half an hour or so. We turned in early, but I sat up and packed, which was some work, as door panels, copper jugs and bowls don't pack well together. However, at one o'clock it was completed, and I slept till six Sunday morning, when we all got around for breakfast, and at 11 a.m. took the train for Kargan, 155 miles away, and the nearest station on the railroad to Old Bokhara. About half-way we passed into the country of the Emir of Bokhara, an independent state, but under the

protectorate of Russia, which has a political agent in Kargan.

We arrived about 5 p.m., and drove to the National Hotel, where we had rooms which Allee had engaged for all. A nice corner room for a drawing-room also answered for a dining-room, and the other rooms—all on one floor—were clean. All buildings here are one story, mostly on account of earthquakes. The cook of the hotel had quit, so it was fortunate we had our own provisions. Also we had water which was fresh, which we brought in three large bottles, for making tea. The water of the country is salty for the most part and very unpalatable, the tea being scarcely drinkable when made with it and all food which is boiled tasting salty, so fresh water is a luxury which few can enjoy. We turned in early for the long day before us on Monday.

Monday, May 8. We had our breakfast of tea, bread, cheese, eggs and strawberries at seven o'clock, and took the branch-line train for Old Bokhara at nine, where we arrived in about an hour or less, and immediately took carriages for the town, which we entered through a gate—one of many—in the high wall which surrounds the city of some 90,000 people. The wall is of adobe



NATIVE FROM SAMARKAND



MOSQUE IN BOKHARA



SILK BAZAAR BOKHARA



clay—like Mexico—and quite high and thick; at least twenty-five feet by eight or ten. The city is the chief town of the country, and a great trading place, where merchants from all the Central and Southern Asian towns congregate. Caravans come and go at all seasons, carrying the native products of Bokhara—silks, copper and brass goods, rugs, etc.—in exchange for Moscow goods. Caravans of camels come from Persia, Afghanistan, Beloochistan and all over the country. Hindus were many here even, as well as Kirghiez, Afghans, Turcomans, Sarts, Bokharans and many Persians, besides others I don't know about. Many wild people who never saw Europeans before were plenty. The streets of the city are narrow—many only wide enough for a single cart, and the widest only for two carts to pass. When two carriages meet and wish to pass, they often have trouble, especially if a caravan or two of camels, ten or fifteen people on donkeys, and a host of foot passengers also are surging in the crowded streets of the bazaars. There are miles of these streets all lined with small stalls of the merchants. The streets are mostly covered with thatch in the bazaar quarters to keep off the hot sun and the rain, when there is any, and they are quite clean.

Mostly each bazaar has its own special goods. That is, copper things will be made and sold in many stalls in one quarter. In another will be silks, and in another rugs, and food of various kinds, each in its own quarter. I bought a good many rugs, hangings, embroideries, copper and brass things. It seemed a pity not to avail oneself of such an opportunity, and I did to the utmost of my ability. This is the rug market for Bokhara, Turcoman, Beloochistan and some other rugs and embroidered hangings of all kinds, also for some silks which are native made and woven. I judge from my luggage that I can have a caravan of my own soon. It is a long way from here to Brattleboro, and I'm likely to realize it before I arrive home with my luggage, I imagine. We saw the Emir's palace and the jail, which latter place we were allowed to enter. The prisoners, poor fellows, were many of them manacled and shackled in dirty underground rooms. They are not fed by the guards, but must provide their own food. If they have no friends this may be difficult. We gave them a few roubles, or rather to a few of them who could come to the barred gratings of doors and windows. Soldiers guard the place at all times, and they were a hard-looking crew. The



APRIL DRIFTS MOUNT KAZBEK



SNOW SHEDS NEAR MOUNT KAZBEK



MTSKHET GEORGIA



TEREK

mosques are good, many of them, but not equal to those in Samarkand, either in architecture, decoration or size. Almost every minaret and tower had a stork's nest on top. These were large affairs made of sticks, sometimes eight or ten feet in diameter and three to five feet high. The storks themselves, of which there are a pair to each nest, were coming and going, and were most picturesque. The trading for such things as I bought was mostly conducted by Hogi, aided by the Baron and the ladies, who were most helpful—especially the latter—but Hogi made the final argument in my behalf, and generally bought things at about half the asking price. Even at that, I think I paid full prices for most things. Hogi is a wonder, and a person of some cultivation as regards artistic things. Natural, I think it is, for these people to appreciate form and colour. His manners are perfect, and he is devoted to the ladies, and most attentive to them in every way. He is a treasure.

We drove home to Kargan about 4.30 in the afternoon, over a road paved with cobbles most of the way, meeting caravans of camels and many carts. The "King's Highway" it literally is. We both had a good supper, mostly of our own provisions, and spent the evening sewing

price-marks on my purchases to help through the customhouse at home. Early in the evening we went to the post office for postal cards, but, finding none of the picture cards, we finally got some by Miss Lubowidsky's sending a postman home for his supply, which we bought.

Tuesday, May 9. We had breakfast at 7.30, and took carriages for a mosque some eight miles away, where there is to be a festival today in honour of the name-day of a saint or prophet of some sort. There is a pilgrimage taking place to the mosque, and they came from all over the country to the "Spring Festival." There were some 5,000 people there, all men—not a woman in the crowd, and they arrived in streams stretching out for miles along the roads, some on camels in caravans, some on little donkeys—always one to a donkey, and sometimes two with their baggage, some on horses of all descriptions, many of them beautiful Arabs, and some perfect scarecrows, some in two-wheel, single-horse carts carrying from four to ten people, and hosts on foot tramping along the roads—all in a cloud of dust such as man never saw before; and such a sight as they made in their bright colours—men of all the nations and tribes of Central and Southern Asia. Beggars, dervishes, wild men



SAMARKAND THE RIVER SARAVSCHAN
(HIGH WATER)



CARAVAN



NEAR KAZBEK



MOUNT KAZBEK
ALTITUDE 16,500 FEET

from the mountains, Turcomans, Sarts, people from Hindostan, Afghans, men from Beloochistan, some Persians, some rich, very rich, and some very poor, people of all degrees. The Emir was to be present, but we went early to avoid the crowd, as does everyone else! Miss Lubowidsky got a number of good snapshots, so I shall later send you photographs to go with this letter. We left the mosque about twelve o'clock, and again went to the Bazaar at Bokhara. The vacant places along the roads were filled by the tents and encampments of the pilgrims. It would delight your soul to travel as they do. Tents of all the rainbow colours, and then some more besides, and such fields to camp in! Poppies and corn-flowers and alfalfa, all in bloom at once; and some great poppies white with delicate green centres, four inches or more in diameter, and growing on stems four feet tall, towering above the reds, blues and purples. Then we saw marshy places with hundreds of storks in the tall reeds and cat-tails, catching frogs for their dinner. Finally we came to the Emir's palace, where he lives in summer—his country place—surrounded by a high adobe wall, which was picketed around by soldiers in red trousers and blue coats, living in shelter tents

about a quarter of a mile apart, three or four men to a tent, each of which was made of coloured strips of cotton, and very picturesque, with their rifles stacked outside. Finally we came to the palace itself, a low, white building it was in front, with a wide porch. The entrance was through an opening (a driveway) in the front, which leads to a large inner court surrounded by the palace itself. Officers were on the verandah, and guards with drawn sabres were at the entrance. Everyone must pass the Emir's palace on foot, so we got out of our carriages and walked with the throng, also on foot, and leading their camels, horses and asses.

The ladies, when here last year, came in state under the auspices of the Governor, and were entertained at tea at the palace.

At last we arrived at the Bazaar again and made more purchases the same as the day before, driving home at five o'clock to dinner, which in this case was quite an affair, as it was Meydell's birthday, and we had ordered the best to be had—first "*Zakooska*," a *hors d'œuvre* of mushrooms in this case, then fresh sturgeon, turkey, cucumber and fresh strawberries. A chef came in to cook it, and it was really good. One must not



A NATIVE SILHOUETTE •



TOMB OF A WARRIOR



PAST GLORY

expect too much good food in Asia. It is hard to get and harder to get cooked. They have no vegetables at all, though they could be grown splendidly. It is surprising.

We spent the evening again putting price-marks on my purchases, that have now grown to such an extent that I'm nearly broke.

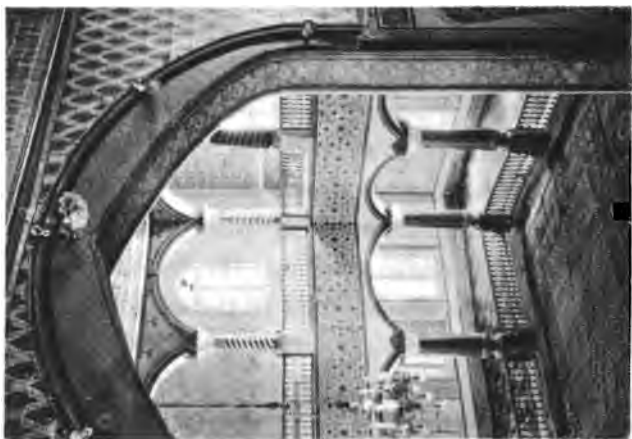
Wednesday, May 10. We had breakfast early, as usual, and then packed my things, which took all the morning nearly, wrote letters and got ready for the train. The ladies left at three to return to Samarkand, and we saw them off and said good-bye. They are both most interesting, but principally Madame Yourieff, who is most charming. There is just a touch of the Russian idealism, sadness and fatality combined with a very strong character and masterly way of doing things, but the fatalistic trait keeps her from accomplishing what she should do, and drives her to more or less solitary places for meditation and reading. She has been through enough to make anyone believe herself unfortunate. That she never speaks of, but feels, I'm sure. She enjoyed our acquaintance, I think, and I'm sure we did ours with both the ladies. It enabled us to see much of Turkestan which,

otherwise, we would have missed completely. You and Molly would be delighted with both of them. At five we took our train en route for Krasnovodsk on the east side of the Caspian Sea, 784 miles away, and now I'm caught up with my letter-writing and journal, and have used up all my ink in my bottle for re-filling my pen, and, as you see, must write with a pencil. Much of this has been written on a train, or late in the evening with a poor light, so it may be difficult to decipher, but you can get the gist of most of it, I hope. It is just sunset, and a beautiful one. We are at "Karakul," named from the Persian lambskins. Two Mohammedans who got out of the train are praying in the middle of the side-track, it being sunset and prayer time. They will get in again as soon as they finish their prayer. They kneel down on their prayer rugs anywhere they may be at prayer time. This, however, was quite striking, for me at any rate, though no one else seemed to notice it much.

Thursday, May 11. As we were about to turn in last night we crossed the Amu Darya, a very wide river. The bridge is quite remarkable and 5,000 feet long. The river is navigable, and we saw some of the boats tied up to the



SERVANTS OF EMIR OF BOKHARA



RECEPTION ROOM EMIR OF BOKHARA



SELLING ICES AT THE FAIR



THE FAIR AT BOKHARA

banks, as they don't navigate at night on account of sand bars and the danger of running aground. After crossing this river we entered a real desert of sandhills and shifting dunes, which change their location with the varying winds, and this we traversed for 250 miles, until we waked in the morning, with the exception of a large oasis near Merv, a very old town of antiquity. This we passed in the night, and while I should like to have stopped to see it, I could not very well do so, as we are due in Tiflis in the Caucasus on a certain day, and have men waiting there to meet us. Just after getting up, the train approached the Persian frontier within a quarter of a mile, so I have been pretty near Persia although not quite there. The mountains of the frontier are plainly visible all along, and as they are capped with snow, are very striking. At nearly all stations in Turkestan there is a row of women with samovars, maybe from four to five to twenty women according to the size of the place. Passengers flock to them to get boiling water for their teapots. You can't travel here without one, but unless you like salt water, one must be careful to choose a station near a large river, to get your hot water and even then you are not

sure. The water in Turkestan is almost invariably bad, and you should never drink it unboiled. The natives even rarely do, as they drink nothing but tea. Mohammedans drink no wines or liquors at all. We had our breakfast of cold tea, hard-boiled eggs and bread from our tea-basket, as the water was unfit to make tea, and we had saved it over from last night.

We have had a rather poor dinner at Askhabar, which is about half-way on this leg of our journey to the Caspian. The Turcomans, whose country this is, wear tall sheepskin caps the year round. As the thermometer is just at this moment 91 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, you can imagine how comfortable they would seem to us. It is the season of roses in Bokhara and here, too. In the former place every man carried either a bunch, or one or two at least, and men with great baskets of them offered them for sale at all times and places. They seemed to love them, and I thought well of the people for that one reason at any rate. It is now just after four, and we are going to have tea as usual. In Petrograd it is served in our office—the same as all others—at eleven and four-thirty. It's a nice custom.

Friday, May 12. Awoke as we neared



ON THE MILITARY ROAD MLET, GEORGIA



IN GEORGIA



TAMERLAN'S GATEWAY



ON GEORGIAN MILITARY ROAD

Krasnovodsk, and looking out saw the Caspian Sea. We followed it quite a distance before reaching town, and it was very beautiful in the early morning sunlight—especially as we have not seen much water lately.

The country about the town is most desolate; nothing grows, not a spear of grass, and there is nothing but great, bare, steep and rocky mountains with jagged tops rising immediately back of the town; but the sea is beautiful, and we kept our faces that way.

After coffee at the station we drove immediately to the steamship, the "General Kruger," a fine boat, and got a nice, large, double stateroom, and then a bath! And such a bath—hot salt water, a tremendous bath-tub full, and then a cold douche of fresh water to top off with. It was worth the trip here to have it, and not having had one for seven days it was good. Our toilets have been rather sketchy, so far as the use of water goes, for some time. The water is really not fit to wash in, and should all have been boiled. That is all we have had up to now, so to have all the good water one wanted was indeed a luxury almost unprecedented. I have been through the same thing before in Idaho, when I was all one season on the desert there, but

that was so long ago I had almost forgotten it. I think I must feel about as George Shea did when he told your Uncle George: "I've had a bath."

We have had breakfast now, and leave here at 3 p.m. for Baku—some fourteen hours away. We look forward with much pleasure to our trip across.

A gang of Persian longshoremen are loading the ship, which is of some little size—1,500 tons' burden. They are a noisy crew—the longshoremen, I mean—and the incessant jabber would get on one's nerves, I should think, in time. They really do work well, however, and perform the loading as quickly as machinery would. They have steam cranes, but don't use them, so I presume the men are cheaper. We find that Meydell knows the captain of the steamer, having crossed the Caspian with him when he was in Persia eight years ago, so the captain—a fine-looking Russian—is all attention, and has shown us his cabin and taken us on the bridge. We had a nice dinner, and the ship is very clean, which is making a very strong statement for Asia. Just now the fog is setting in a bit. I hope it will not last, but a large ring about the moon last night makes me think it will. The



TEREK



**VIEWS ON GEORGIAN MILITARY ROAD
NEAR TIFLIS**



**TABLET COMMEMORATING COMPLETION
OF ROAD IN 1861**



ON THE GEORGIAN MILITARY ROAD

sea is a wonderful robin's-egg blue, which gradually darkens towards the horizon, and the light fog softens the other harshness of the mountains. After a good dinner all things look better, anyway, so perhaps after all Krasnovodsk is not the barren waste I thought it when first I saw it this morning. They bring all water here by train, not only for the town, but for the trees as well, and they bring it 150 miles, two trains a day! So it's no wonder there is not much vegetation.

We have gotten loaded and are now under way; the fog has gone, and the sea is perfectly smooth. We had our tea at 4.30 on the upper deck, where we go on the captain's invitation and it is warm and balmy there, but after sunset it will be quite cool. After all the freight was on the steamer, they opened a gate, and such a crowd of third-class passengers as came aboard!—mostly Armenians and Russians—a motley lot of men, women and children, dressed in all the colours of the spectrum, and with their baggage on their backs, and such baggage! I wish I could get one or two of the bright coloured bags; they are fine, worked out in colours which are now dull, and of wonderful design. The crowd came aboard like sheep, and occupy the lower deck so that there is scarcely standing

room for them. There is no accommodation for them under cover. The Mohammedans among them had been on a pilgrimage to pray somewhere. The Armenians are worse than the Jews, and Russia only likes them because the Turks hate and persecute them, not for any real love of them, I think. They have most of the bad traits of the Jews.

Our captain is a very agreeable man about fifty years old, and has been on the Caspian thirty years. He tells most interesting tales of some of his experiences, one about when he carried the Shah of Persia from Engeli on the south shore of the sea to Baku when he was compelled to abdicate. He now lives in Odessa, and receives an annuity from the Russian Government. The Shah was seventeen days late in arriving—being in no hurry—so the demurrage cost the Government \$2,500 for the delay. The Shah brought all his wives and his whole paraphernalia. He was deadly afraid of the sea, never having been on it before, so he bothered the poor captain to death about storms, etc. Meydell knows all the ins and outs of the abdication, and it makes an interesting story. There are several Persians travelling first-class with us now, with their wives—each has several.



ON THE EASTERN CAUCASUS



ON THE EASTERN CAUCASUS
TENTS IN THE FOREGROUND



IN GEORGIA



POSTHOUSE ON THE MILITARY ROAD

The women are all closely veiled, and never appear out of their staterooms. While the husband comes to his meals in the dining-room, they have theirs taken to them. Their veils are black and very thick. I should think they would suffocate. Their finger nails are stained red according to the custom of their country.

We have got to go to see the Consul (American) at Baku, to get some money—enough to take us to Tiflis. I spent about all I had buying rugs and such things. We thought we had kept enough, but I fear we shall be short. I don't care much, as I may not have another chance like it again to purchase such things. They were ridiculously cheap, but I got so many things that it counted up. The most I paid was \$66 for one rug, and it is a very large one. I think it must be twenty feet by fourteen feet. Altogether I got seventeen large and small, but I must give Patten some, and the De Wetters also. Most of them cost from \$7.50 to \$15, and some less. Then I got about the same number of Bokhara embroideries that cost from \$5 to \$10 each on an average, so you see they were not dear.

Miss Lubowidsky took a kodak of the baggage I have accumulated, and it filled a one-horse cart. I will send you the photographs

we got when I receive them. They should be very interesting.

Saturday, May 13. We arrived at Baku about 9.30 after a fine trip across the sea in almost a calm. It was a nice break in our journey, and separates our Asian experiences completely from the new ones we shall have in the Caucasus. We drove directly to the Metropole Hotel on arriving, and were greeted in English by an Armenian clerk who had learned his English from a missionary school in Armenia in Turkey! We immediately set out to get some money, which we succeeded in doing by having a bank telephone to the Tiflis bank where we have funds. It is 350 miles away, so I thought they did pretty well. We walked and drove about the town, and bought a few necessary clothes. Baku is a desolate place, and there is not much to see. It really is nothing but an oil town. There are large refineries here, and it is in the midst of innumerable oil wells. At eleven at night we took the train for Tiflis. On account of the proximity to the war zone in Turkey, the trains are crowded to the limit, and one must get space and tickets days in advance. This was impossible for us of course, so we went to the military commander at the station, and

showed him our papers. Meydell put up so good a tale that he gave us a small compartment in the car reserved for officers, which is under his control. When we arrived at the station to take the train, we found a soldier with rifle stationed as sentry over our compartment with orders to let no one in except two men who had an order from him, so of course we got the stateroom, but a number of officers demanded it, seeing civilians in their car. The sentry, however, stood them all off, and Meydell put up some bluff about my being a diplomat and here representing or in connection with foreign office business. At any rate, we kept the compartment, and had a good night's sleep, while many others stood in the corridors and did the best they could. That officer who gave us the compartment knew his business. Not only did he give his orders, but took steps to see that they were enforced, a thing I've spent the best part of my life trying to teach other people. We knew what was up when we saw the sentry!

Sunday, May 14. It is a barren country all about the Caspian Sea, and also well into the interior on this line. When we woke in the morning the high peaks of the snow-covered mountains to the north of us in Daghestan were

glistening in the sunlight well above the clouds, and an occasional patch of green irrigated land in the midst of the brown expanse of steppe between us and the foot of the mountains rising abruptly from the plain made a pretty landscape to start the day with. We had a late breakfast about 10.30 at Yelesavastopol in a hurry-up railway restaurant which was crowded to the limit.

This side of the Caspian is as European as the other was Asiatic. The contrast is sharp and clean, and it is all so different that there is no comparison as to which is the more interesting. We pass train-loads of cavalry horses and ammunition carts, railway material and all sorts of stuff going to the front in Turkey, for we are fast nearing the region of fighting. As we leave Yelesavastopol, we begin to climb faster out of the Caspian depression, and our two locomotives have all they can do to pull the heavily loaded, long train up the steep grade. We arrived at Tiflis late in the afternoon. The station was crowded. Just about such a crowd as we got into once one night in a snowstorm at the South Station. For Tiflis is the headquarters of the military movement against Turkey. A Cossack regiment was quartered in the third-class waiting-



MTSKHET GEORGIA



MTSKHET



IN GEORGIA



IN GEORGIA

room, and officers and soldiers were everywhere, besides the crowds of civilians. After about an hour we got our baggage, and finally secured a cart and a carriage to take us to the hotel, two or three miles away. Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins are here from Petrograd. The former is an engineer now in the employ of the American International; the latter a sort of second or third cousin of Mrs. Patten from Baltimore, and a very charming woman. Mr. Hutchins had not been able to secure quarters for us in the hotel they were in, but had gotten us rooms in one near by, nearly opposite the Vice-Regal Palace, which is the headquarters of Grand Duke Nicholas, and we are quite comfortable, as the rooms are clean.

Mr. Hutchins is here looking up a water-power scheme for us. He is a Harvard man, and comes from California originally, and is a nice fellow. Will Cabot knows him.

Tuesday, May 16. Yesterday we spent shopping. Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins have been here a week, so are acquainted with the shops, which are very good and have very interesting things. Georgian silver work is made in the little stalls, and sold in the same places. Persian rugs and Caucasian rugs are plenty. In fact, it is the main European market for such rugs. I have

bought one good Persian rug here, and some Georgian small silver wedding bowls, and a couple of silver wine jugs. The bowls are good for bonbons or fruit, like berries, etc., and now I think my purchases are over for the time being. We are leaving at 4 a.m. tomorrow for our trip of 132 miles by motor over the Georgian military road to Vladikavkas. It is a wonderful trip, so everyone says. We cross the main range of the Caucasus at an elevation of 7,800 feet. The regular stage autos of the French Company have been taken for military purposes, so we hire an automobile for our own use to make the trip of nine or ten hours. There is a hydraulic power scheme which we are to look at on the way. There may something come of it later. Tiflis is most picturesque, located in a very narrow valley; the houses are perched on the steep hill-sides largely above the river, which races through the town in a torrent, through a very narrow channel. The people are mostly Georgians and Armenians, though Persians, Russians and Mongol Tartars are plenty. Just at present Cossack soldiers are more plenty than anything else.

Thursday, May 18. On Wednesday we got up at 3.30 a.m., as the motor car was to be ready



NEAR KAZBEK



LARS GEORGIA



TIFLIS



TIFLIS

at four o'clock for the 132 mile trip over the Georgian military road across the Krestova Pass of the Caucasus to Vladikavkas, but the car was late and so were the hotel people. At last, by dint of telephoning and finally sending the hotel porter, the motor arrived, and we got started at about 5 a.m., having had tea and eggs with bread for our early breakfast. The sky was overcast, but it was fine for all that. The first ten miles was not of much interest. We passed the teams bringing to town the daily supply of fuel, wood and charcoal, and of market supplies. There were many of the ox-teams with two yokes of bullocks.

We left the valley of the Kura and entered the smaller valley of its tributary, the Aragra, which stream we follow practically to its source some eighty miles from Tiflis. After entering this valley the climb commenced, for we had to rise 6,800 feet to cross the lowest pass in all the Caucasus range. The road was well macadamed and is kept in good condition by the several hundred workmen whom we saw breaking stone for repairs, and cleaning the ditches. We passed hundreds of the small one-horse, two-wheel carts hauling supplies over the pass, and I don't know how many wagons with two, three or four horses

hitched abreast, and ox-teams without number. As the road is narrow, and the teamsters slow to move, it was a constant danger on the sharp curves, as our motor ran very fast, it being a large, powerful Benz car. We passed many cavalcades of horses, sometimes 1,000 in each, going to the front, and herds of cattle being driven along the narrow road, besides every few miles a flock of sheep and goats would be feeding in and along the road, so the chauffeur was kept busy. About nine o'clock we arrived at Passanour, one of the hotel-restaurants of the omnibus company which formerly operated here before the war. It is a delightful spot, situated in a narrow valley with high, steep mountains on either side. These are covered with rather small trees for the most part, but wherever not too steep there are clearings cultivated by the peasants. How they ever keep their footing on such steep sidehills I don't see. The yellow rhododendron of the Caucasus grows in profusion, and it is very beautiful, making large patches of colour amidst the green. The hotel-restaurant is the best of those along the line, and is located in a pretty little garden in which are blooming roses, pansies and other flowers. The piazza on which we breakfasted was shut in by grape-vines



ANCIENT FORTRESS GEORGIA



ON THE MILITARY ROAD

and climbing roses. They served us fried trout for our meal with an amber-coloured native wine which was excellent. The trout they catch in the mountain torrents, which are formed by melting glaciers and which run the year round. In the garden was a young brown bear tied to a post, which he kept climbing for our amusement apparently. There are many bears in the mountains, and the proprietor insisted on our coming to visit him in the fall to hunt them and the ibex, which also is plentiful. We left after breakfast with many regrets, but the hard climb was yet before us, and the most wonderful scenery, if not the most beautiful.

From Passanour the road rose more rapidly for twenty-four miles—in places zigzagging back on the mountain-sides to get distance enough to make the climb. Great stone walls have been built for miles to act as snow-fences, to keep the drifting snow from blocking the road entirely, and there are several miles of snowsheds, which are over deep cuts to let avalanches go over the road instead of ruining it. These are low in height for sleighs to go through in winter but in summer the road goes outside of the sheds. In some of these places the snow-drifts were still twenty feet deep and cut down perpendicularly

on each side of the dusty macadam highway. This was quite a novelty. At last we reached the summit, and then began what was, practically, a coast for the motor car for over forty miles to the foot of the Caucasus range. Much of the way the mountains rose sheer above us for six to seven thousand feet on each side, and the road was simply a niche or gallery cut in the side of the cliffs, with a wall on the outside to keep from falling over for hundreds of feet below. Mt. Kazbek is in plain view for much of the way on a clear day. We did not see the summit, as it was way above the clouds; 16,500 feet is its height. We had dinner at the foot of it, and arrived at Vladikavkas about 4 p.m., in time for our train journey of 130 miles more to Kislovodsk, a famous summer watering place on account of its mineral springs. It is very much better country to the north of the Caucasus, and the broad valleys were green with grass knee-high, and covered with herds of cattle, sheep and horses. We arrived at Kislovodsk at 2 a.m., and after our twenty-two hours of travel were glad of a night's rest.

We were up at eight o'clock, and after tea and eggs, walked a little about the place, which is in the season a very fashionable resort for drink-

ing and bathing in the carbonic waters. Many people are now here, but the main season commences a little later. There is a beautiful Casino here, with an open-air and another closed theatre, with open garden restaurants also, and it looks most attractive. Forget-me-nots seem to grow wild here, and lilacs are in profusion, as well as climbing roses and wonderful grape arbours. I should think people would come here if they could. We both lunched and dined at the Casino. In the afternoon we drove in a troika to a resort out of town where people go for tea, and then about five miles further on the rolling prairie of rich black earth. You can drive anywhere, as there are no fences, and the land is Cossack Community land and used only for cutting the wild hay. It would produce grain and potatoes, or twice as much hay and better quality at that if only cultivated a little. There is more land to spare in Russia today than there ever was in the United States, and with a proper system of ownership—that is, individual instead of community—it might awaken the individual to work enough to improve his condition; thus might follow proper cultivation, and with railroads could come real prosperity perhaps to a terribly

poor type of peasants, now with little or no incentive to try to improve their condition.

We took the train at eight o'clock in the evening for our return trip of 1,575 miles to Petrograd in a through Wagon-Lits car—a trip of sixty to sixty-five hours.

Sunday, May 21. I cabled you from Kislovodsk just before leaving on May 18, and I have sent many post-cards from various places on our trip, all of which you will probably receive in time. Our trip has been a long one; the climate has changed from warm and mild weather, clear sunlight all the time, to the cold and wet late spring of Moscow and Petrograd. It has even snowed a little this morning as a reminder of the weather yet to come in Petrograd, and the cars are again heated. Our overcoats, which we have lugged along as useless impedimenta and much in the way, are now brushed and looked upon as most useful possessions again. We have come by way of "Rostov-on-the-Don" River and along the Sea of Azov via Taganrog on the coast of this sea, then Nikatovka, Kharkov, Kursk and Tula to Moscow, and are now nearing Petrograd, where we hope to arrive at noon.

Just an even month of travelling covering a delightful and instructive trip. We have been



IN GEORGIA



MOUNTAIN FARMING



TIFLIS



APPROACHING TIFLIS

a little over 6,500 miles altogether, and have seen the country intelligently. It makes one realize the vastness of Russia when one looks at the map and sees how little of this wonderful country we have seen in the little corner of it we have been through. Russia is now second only to the United States in railway mileage, and needs as much more for present requirements. We have been over one-tenth of her present railway system in point of distance, so you see I have much more to travel before I begin to see much of the real Russia, which is now lying dormant, waiting to be waked from its centuries of sleep so far as its realization of its material development is concerned. When that happens, it will indeed be a country to live in for business, even if perhaps much of the charm of travelling has passed.

It has taken nearly a week to copy this letter on the typewriter as our stenographer is very busy. The De Wetters are leaving in a week or two—about June 15—for a trip in Norway and I shall send by them a basket or trunk of rugs if possible to be expressed from Norway or Sweden to you.

Very much love for all.

AS. H 664 t
Through Turkestan and the Caucasus.
Yezzer Library AXO9508



3 2044 043 445 279

[illegible]

Digitized by Google

